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Pets — A Series of Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tchetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist

In This Golden Eagle
Is Kept the Anointing
Oil Into Which
the Archbishop
of Canterbury
Dips His Fingers
for the
Ceremony.

Into This
Spoon Holy
Oil Is Poured
for Anoint-
ing the King.
The Spoon
Has Been
Used Thus
For Many
Centuries.

Right—The
Sceptre Is of
Gold Richly
Jeweled at the
Head, Upon
Which a Dove
Perches
—a Sym-
bol of the
Guidance
of the
Holy
Ghost.

EDWARD VIII, being a democratise fellow with the Londoners for regal pomp and ceremony, has done away with several ancient customs of the emperors of the British Empire have religiously observed for many a year. He would rather ride to hounds than dress up in the glittering trappings of a general, or play the part of a monarch and elects than put on the formal outfit that is correct attire for an admiral of the "Queen's navy".

But, next Spring, when the oldest son of the late George V. is crowned, he will have to stick to the ancient rules of the ceremony and make use of many a historic and valuable gadget that belongs only to the ruling house of Kings. The crown, sceptre and orb, and the sword of state except during a coronation.

Consider the three objects at the

extreme left of the page—the Israelite, spoon- and bird-shaped oil vessel. Since the days of King Saul the bracelet has been a symbol of royal power. The bracelet Edward VIII wears does not go back to Biblical times, but it does date back to the early days of Britain. The spoon-shaped masterpiece of the goldsmith's art is used to receive holy oil from the bird-shaped vessel, called the Ampulla. The Ampulla is the oldest piece of plate in the Tower of London. At the coronation ceremonies the Archbishop of Canterbury pours oil from the spoon, dips his fingers into the fluid and anoints His Majesty on the head, the chest and

Old Woodcut Portraying an Ancient Coronation Ceremony in Westminster Abbey. The King Is Shown Seated in St. Edward's Chair, Being Crowned by the Archbishop. Bishops Are on the Right, Peers on the Left. Ambassadors Are Seen Peeping From the Box on the Left.

St. Edward's Crown, the Crown of England, Made in 1662 and Refitted for the Present King. After It Is Placed on the King It Is Immediately Removed and Replaced by the Imperial State Crown.

The King's Royal
Sceptre in Which
Is Set the World's
Largest Dia-
mond, Which
Weights 516
Carats.

relics, however, are the royal possessions shown at the extreme right of the page—the Crown of England and the Royal Sceptre. The crown, made for Charles II in 1662 and altered to fit England's is so heavy with gold and stones that it rests on the neck for only a few seconds. It is replaced by the lighter sceptre has at its elaborate base the largest set diamond in the world—a flawless stone weighing 316 carats. This sceptre was presented to King Edward VII by the present monarch's grandfather, the Union of South Africa.

jeweled Sword of State, said to be the most beautiful and valuable sword in the world. In the coronation rites Edward VIII will place them on the altar, thus for at the call of the

The royal
corate head
the world,
carats. The
ward VII, t
father, by t



The Jeweled Sword of State Bearing the Rose of England, the Thistle of Scotland, and the Shamrock of Ireland.

the palms of the hands.

The long, thin object beside the Am-
pulla is the King's sceptre, fashioned
of gold and precious jewels. It is orna-

mented at the top by a dove, representing the Holy Ghost, which, tradition says, controls the actions of the King. Just beneath the sceptre is the

More spectacular than any of these

For the movie jungle have their way. Tani Marsh, the exotic young woman in the photograph below, will spend several months in California before taking ship for her home in Hawaii.

Miss Marsh, strangely enough, isn't much interested in acting in the movies, even at a salary that would seem a fortune to most of the citizens of her native land. She came to California to dance the hula-hula at the San Diego Exposition and came off with first prize, even though more than a hundred grass-skirted performers did their best to capture the coveted honor for themselves.

Visitors in the disposition were in full agreement with the judges—one of them an expert on the movements of the hula-hula—and they applauded enthusiastically when Tani was singled out and crowned the hula-hula queen. She smiled one of those sunny Hawaiian smiles and had the grace to tell the other competitors that she hoped they wouldn't mind her victory.



The Hollow Log Studio on Wheels Built by Two Washington State Photographers From a Thousand-Year-Old Tree. 8 Feet in Diameter.

PETE DAVIS is, perhaps, the only fat man—outside of the circus—who is dieting to increase his weight. He lives in Salt Lake City and is, far and away, the biggest citizen of Utah. At the age of twenty-two he tips the scales at 499 pounds, and it is his ambition to

No one, including Mr. Davis, has any doubt that he can achieve his ambition. On the contrary, when he gets up to a quarter of a ton—which should be almost any minute now—he's likely to keep right on piling on bulk.

Like most people of his proportions, Pete Davis was born with something awry with one of those glands that, when they work properly maintain normal weight. He wasn't abnormally large at birth weighing only a little more than nine pounds. But he began "blowing up" as an infant, and by the time he reached his thirteenth birthday he weighed 2,500 pounds.

Since then he has acquired another 199 pounds—and he'd like just one pound more, to make him weigh an even figure.

The statistics on the ponderous Mr. Davis are interesting. His waistline is 72 inches—six feet—and his chest is four inches less in circumference. The big fellow is rather proud of this comparison, pointing out that most fat men have much larger "tumies" in proportion to their chests.

He is an even six feet tall and, of course, all his clothes have to be specially made. It requires six yards of cloth to make trousers for him and four yards to go into the "main

"I tried dieting to cut down my weight once," says Davis, "but I soon quit. It takes plenty of food for me

quit. "It takes plenty of food for me to keep my figure."

Photographer's Studio 1000 Years Old

MANY people in the Northwest have gazed on what seemed to them a big section of tree rolling along on a powerful truck and wondered where the unusual piece of solid timber was bound. And unless they got a good look at the door cut in the rear end of the log they didn't suspect that it is the unique photography shop of Bob Wren and Paul C. Mitchell, wandering cameramen.

[illegible]

and eight feet in diameter. They had the great log hollowed out to make space for living quarters and a dark room where they could develop their negatives.

Along the route they have traveled thus far the Washingtonians have not lacked the interest of the public. People stop to stare as they speed over the road and in every town and village where they stop, a crowd gathers around their motorized picture plant.

Fighting the

Do such things as pollen fever, rose asthma. The poligrass, weeds and flowers as well as the sniffing, sneezing uncomfortable. It has decided to sneeze fight the sneeze of vegetable matter. The Department of work gathering substances to find what is in them. And as no ready youngsters get mumps, some people

The idea of using a tree trunk as the tonneau of an automobile is not, however, original with the picture-men. Back in 1927 one E. A. Wade, of Montesano, Washington, had the same idea. He picked the butt of a giant fir tree and cut himself off a cylindrical chunk of it 16 feet long and nine and a half feet through. The log weighed more than 4,000 pounds, before it was hollowed out, and contained enough lumber to

pollen of some
into trouble.
then great dis-

at many sneezes by substances like fibres and to know how to make several small repairs and unhappy.

on for a long has appropriate the job right. patients will be the under the "dope" will be that it can be and physicians rers.

of the prescri- the money volume of the spent.

long, a chest of drawers and a china closet, not to mention a good sized tank for fish water. A portable electric plant was installed so that the interior of the log could be lighted at night. In the daytime windows served.

There are half a dozen similar log cabins traveling around the country.

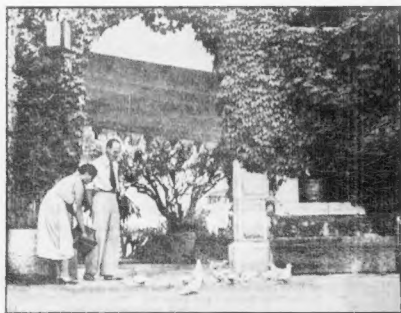
Pete Davis, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Who, Though Only 22, Weighs 496 Pounds, and Who Is Trying to Put on the Extra Pound to Make, as He Says, "A Round Figure." Compare His Bulk to the Friend Beside Him.

Tani Marsh, of Honolulu, Who Won the Title Hula Queen at the San Diego Exposition Over a Hundred Other Competitors.

Paris Pleased as Stage Stars Throw Bottles Again

When the Famous Opera Comique Baritone Threw a Chair at the Orchestra Leader and Somebody Threw a Seltzer Bottle at the Contralto and Somebody Else Hit the Soprano With a Wine Bottle After the

Two Prima Donnas Had Pulled Each Other's Hair, Many Decided That the Good Old Days Are Coming Back



The Photographs "Golden Dove," Whose Traditional Peacefulness Was Shattered by the Bottle Cries of the Opera Comique Artists.

PARIS, October 18.—The good old days are back again, people exclaimed as they read of the bottle-throwing at the Golden Dove Inn. It has been a long time since ladies and gentlemen of the stage have pulled hair, scratched faces and thrown bottles and chairs at each other in the throes of artistic temperament. But the other day they did all that and, for good measure, one of them delivered the old-fashioned aviate, a polite French name for a lick in the stomach. Some think that all this noise properly is coming back to France.

The figures in this battle are all members of the Paris Opera Comique, famous for the good looks of its artists and the power, if not quality, of their voices. The battle itself was not in Paris, but in the ancient and once mighty town of St. Paul de Vence near Nice. And the "Golden Dove" is so named because for decades it has been noted for the flock of artists "birds of peace" and also of Vence, which fell and surrounded its ancient walls and gardens.

It was the height of the dinner hour at the Golden Dove, with every table occupied except one which had been reserved for the opera company. Presently, by all eyes turned toward entrance, from which came a sound suggestive of a cannon. A number of people, by all eyes turned toward entrance, from which came a sound suggestive of a cannon. A number of people, by all eyes turned toward entrance, from which came a sound suggestive of a cannon.

Mlle. Grandval in One of Her Opera Comique Roles. The scene shows a performer in an elaborate costume, possibly during a performance or rehearsal.

Her voice entrance three registers and at that moment her left arm was embracing the waist of her sweetheart, M. Pierre Millet, who, like the other three, was a member of the opera company. But at present orchestra leader of the Parisian Theatre, Paris. Though Arnaud is considered the quietest child of a very rich mother, and many of his rows are his own fault, this disregard of Lily Grandval is not without justification.

For one thing, "Cyrano" a Parisian comedy about had printed that when M. Arnaud left an intention to distinguish himself at opera last summer past 1901, one France a year to M. Grandval, former director of the opera company, to allow him to sing and keep in great temper. It also said that as he only



Mlle. Lily Grandval, the Soprano, Who Was Hit by the Bottle.

violence that sent the contents of the bottle into his sweetheart's lap, the wrathful baritone grasped the very chair his enemy indicated, swung it aloft and threw it at her. Impartial witnesses agree that the way Lily ducked that chair and dived under the table was something beautiful to see.

The chair sailed harmlessly on until it crashed against the many chest of M. Millet, the orchestra leader, who had been just in time to get into the line of fire. It did no great damage and he was able to hurl it back at Arnaud who was kneeling on his back.

As M. Millet waited for his adversary to rise, his view was blotted out by two beautifully kept hands. They belonged to Camille, who sings angelic maidenly notes, but just then was giving a good imitation of a whist. She missed the musician's eyes but scratched four red furrows down each cheek.

M. Millet could hardly be blamed for losing his temper and his head. He had no quarrel with either of his assailants, was peacefully minding his business when one struck him with a chair and the other raked his face.

Hurling Camille aside, he, or somebody, picked up the nearest missile, a siphon of seltzer, and let it go at her. Camille now proved to be another expert diver, getting it to pass her ear. By this time Lily had come out from under the table and now took Camille off M. Millet's hands. It was high time, because Arnaud had risen and was bearing down on Lily.

The musician distracted his attention by a punch on the side of the face. At this Arnaud pretended to retreat but, as Millet advanced to strike again, the baritone deftly executed the sarsavie, planting his right foot in the musician's stomach. The orchestra



It Was Indeed Like the Old Times Before the Depression as the Two Prima Donnas of the Opera Comique, Soprano Lily Grandval and Contralto Camille Mancini, Had, and a Wine Bottle Sailed Through the Air and Struck Lily on Her Forehead, Terminating the Fight, and Baritone Arnaud Was Arrested as the Throwing.

Contralto Camille Mancini, Who Pulled the Soprano's Hair Before the Bottle Struck.

leader fumbled up like a jack-of-all-trades, and then, then, it was only a faintly grunting spectator. M. Arnaud now turned in the direction of a sound that had been making everyone's ears ache since the fighting began. It was Lily screaming on her top note as she pulled hair from Camille's pretty head and Camille did the same for Lily. That is, during intervals when they were not pulling each other's dresses apart.

M. Arnaud doesn't remember clearly what happened next, but somehow a wine bottle found its way into his hand. He intended to throw it into the air, he later explained, but somehow it hit Lily's lovely white forehead. She sank to the floor.

Silence, but not peace, descended on the Golden Dove for a moment. The police entered, led by the agitated proprietor, M. Roux. Though clapped in the face, hit in the chest with a chair and kicked in the stomach, the orchestra leader needed only first aid but the drunken diva, Lily, had to be taken to a hospital at Cannes where they sewed up quite a cut in her forehead and congratulated her on having a fine thick skull, stronger than a wine bottle.

M. Arnaud was taken to the town jail, where he gave assurance that he would appear before the Grasse tribunal to answer charges of assault and battery. What Camille and Lily had done to each other in the way of scratches, bites and hair-removal, seemed to be about even, so the police decided that girls will be girls and entertained no charges.

Arnaud, the hero of Venice latest season, has been in scraps and scrapes before. Not long ago he accused Durel, the tenor, of flirting with Camille Mancini. During a performance of "Pagliacci" at the Opera Comique, he caught the singer behind the scenes

and punched him in the eye. When Durel appeared as the lecherous clown in the opera and tried to touch the audience with tears trickling down his cheeks and his frame racked with sobs, the spectators rocked with laughter on beholding him holding black eyes.

For a long time Mlle. Grandval questioned it among the other prima donnas and was the protégée of the Opera Comique's administrator, M. Gheusi, despite the latter's admiration for Mlle. Grandval. The son of a carpenter, Lily rarely attends rehearsals, and she played the same trick on the bleeding tenor, Lugnot, that she played on Arnaud. The baritone had also once said Lily had a voice like a factory whistle, but she silenced him by declaring that he begged the tenor money that his voice completely filled the house and emptied it.

At present, Mlle. Grandval is the favorite of the new director, M. Bouche, an ex-performer. Gheusi lately resigned after being accused of pocketing money that didn't belong to him. He, the famous Opera Comique cashier, who made a fortune pilfering the theater's cashbox.

The Opera Comique is now on a financial basis in which nobody can be fired for bad singing, bad acting or anything else except lack of enthusiasm for Communism. Lily is said to be in especially good favor with the diva.

The ability of singers to buy bottles and throw them is surely a sign of returning prosperity, many think. Singers, both "Comique" and "Grand," have been having a hard time. Aux Ecoles, another Parisian gossip paper, recently made reference to the distressing conditions of grand opera artists. A performance at the Trium-Lyrique Theatre, it pointed out, included a light-rig walking dog, "Romulus" and the famous grand opera tenor, M. Marcel, long noted for his masterly interpretation of the tenor role in "La Tosca."

The notorious baritone, Antoine Scotti, who sang for so many years at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House

Baritone Andre Arnaud, Accused of Throwing the Wine Bottle.

In New York, and was supposed to have amassed a large fortune, died recently in poverty in Naples, his native city. A few years ago when the ladies of the Paris stage were expressing themselves on each other with hands and bottles, it wasn't even said when they followed the diva's advice and "sall it with flowers." For instance there was the famous occasion when Mlle. Clara Tambour tossed a lovely, expensive-looking bouquet at Mlle. Jane Renouart, as that actress stepped from the stage door of the Capucines Theatre, after a triumphant opening night.

Mlle. Renouart's situation told her that it was unkind for Clara to throw anything good her way, such as the bouquet of violets with which others were pelting her, so she made the ducking gesture, at which all French actresses must adopt. The nose, eyes pained and struck another member of the cast, Mlle. Marion. When the bouquet fell in the ground it left Mlle. Marion's face covered with a paste which was described in court as "consisting of bad eggs and worse."

The incident which had gone before and caused La Renouart to remember and dodge occurred early in rehearsal. Clara, being a vivid blonde, much younger and prettier than the star, was in a position "to steal the show" from the older woman. To prevent such larceny the management ordered the younger woman to wear older clothes and very little jewelry. This brought threats to resign.

But next day she returned and obeyed the orders, with a laugh-like sneer, much contrary to nature, among French stage folk. Renouart, the veteran, knew that such angelic behavior was too good to be true and was on her guard.

In mitigation of the damages, the court took into account all the publicity Clara's vie-jealousy brought. She had given the show and fined her only a few francs.

Strange Sights Snapped on City Streets

ALREADY TO BE WHINISMS? IT IS ONLY

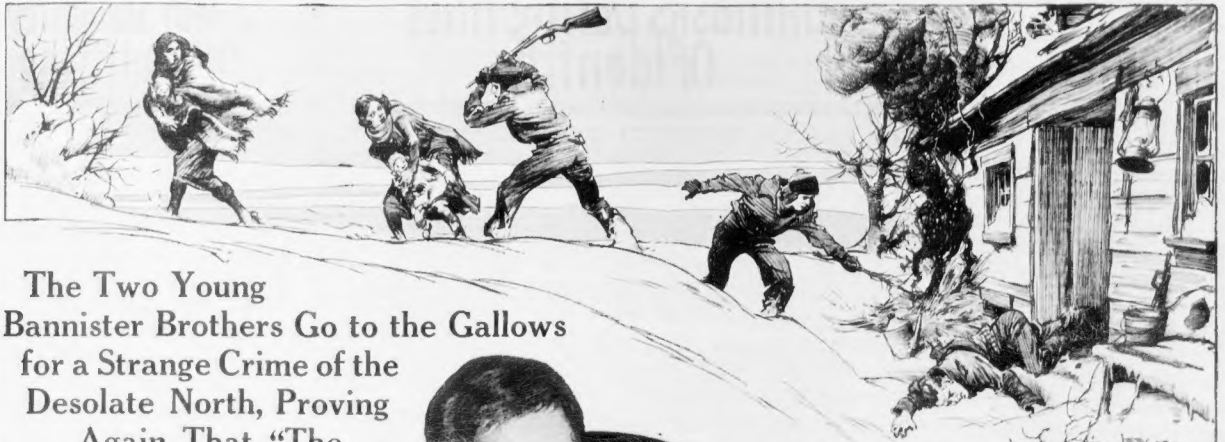
...can't find one of the many references to the "great" label because the name is great. But they couldn't find sources that they couldn't find. The major question of the day and who just remain silent in the town or the pool and contented not all to the vital. For many years the great way and it works out.



Children of these isles playing on the white sand of the coast and building castles just as they find it on every island of Atlantic City.

...the ...

Last Chapter of Canada's Weird "Doll-baby Murder"



Brutal as Some Indian Massacre of Old Was the Murder by the Two Bannister Brothers, Showing the Trapper, Clabbing His Wife to Death, Leaving the 20-Month-Old Boy to Freeze, Setting Fire to the Cabin and Running Off With Little Baby Betsey.

The Two Young Bannister Brothers Go to the Gallows for a Strange Crime of the Desolate North, Proving Again That "The Mounties Always Get Their Man"

IN the little country townhouse of Portchester, New Brunswick, was written the other day the last chapter in one of the strangest, most brutal murders in the history of Canada.

Waiting until the two brothers against whom she had turned State's evidence had been safely hanged, the authorities were about to put in trial fifteen-year-old Francis Bannister on a charge of kidnapping, which was a part of the crime for which the jail had been erected. The sister had watched the brothers escape the gallows. They seemed to hear no matter how loud her wail, but before the hand was drawn down over her face, Arthur's face and he was on the threshold of death, he wailed to her and cried out to her— "I hope nothing happen in your trial."

His good wishes bore fruit, at least he was a murderer. Instead of Francis being put on trial, the charges against the girl were withdrawn by the state and she was put in charge of officers of the Juvenile Court. And thus closed the extraordinary case.

It was on the morning of January 6 a telegram from the railroad agent at Pacific Junction, New Brunswick, brought the Canadian Mounted Police into the immediate fresh country of the game refuge near Berry's Mills, inhabited by only a few trappers, woodsmen and squatters.

One of these squatters, OTO Blakely, had trudged through the freshly fallen snow from his little hut, to the two-story place, where lived his trapper friend, Philip Lake, with his woman-like wife, Martha Ring, and their children, Jackie, twenty months old, and Betty, six months. Tramping out of the brush Bannister was confronted with only the cold shivering staring up out of a spot of ash and charred wood.

Knowing nothing about the value he brought to him the half-chained body of Lake. That was queer. "I'm cold, Winter, night, these men, shake with their aspersed wood stoves frequently turn up, but why should he also be shot? I tried to get out and when were the others?"

He pulled the body over and found in the back of its skull a tiny hole. Clinging around the victim were his cane gun, a knife, a small bottle of rum, which proved to be the poison bottle of Martha and Jackie, choked only in snow.

That was enough for Blakely; who headed for the nearest road-end of civilization. This was Omer Lake sitting at his railroad telegraph key at Pacific Junction. A few minutes later the Canadian Mounted Police, in charge of Sergeant R. E. Peters, were on their way from Moncton, 15 miles away.

The trainmen were quickly ascertained that Lake had been killed by a small bullet, about 22 calibre, through the back of his head, and that the woman's skull had been crushed by a hand instrument and the boy left to freeze to death. Blakely, standing in the snow and search of the neighborhood, however, brought to light no trace of any other bodies.

The night had been well covered for a murder, because a blizzard had covered all footprints but those that the police for the crime scene were more hopelessly hidden. It looked as if they would be an easy matter. The Lake family had no money, and their money was anything but north money, and the only thing known to



Francis Bannister, Who Told How His Two Brothers Murdered the Lakes to Steal Baby Betsey.



Baby Betsey, Who Was Taken From the Lonely Cabin After Her Parents Were Killed, and Was Substituted for Mrs. Bannister's Doll-Baby.

snowshoes and, sure enough, they actually did round up a couple of strange men who had passed through the neighborhood at the right time to have been the guilty ones.

The Bannister boy and their sister were invited to see the strangers and instantly identified the pair as the ones seen at the Lake shack the night of the murder. Though not very bright, the three Bannisters must have congratulated themselves on their rare luck in having them men appear as providentially.

However, they missed one little point. Police the world over usually make such identifications as difficult as possible by lining the suspects up with a lot of other persons, but this time they made it suspiciously easy by exhibiting the two men all alone. As a matter of fact, the police already knew the strangers had a perfect alibi and were in no way connected with the crime, as it would have been better for the Bannister family if they had not been so glib in their identification.

Confident that they had pinned the crime on the two luckless strangers, the Bannister trio went happily home only to find that the police were searching the cabin, entirely on the strength of that false identification. They found a 22 calibre rifle and a baby girl the right age and general description to fit the missing Betty. Mrs. Bannister explained that it was her own child, Thyras, and the reason she had not registered it was because it was "fetched." However, she had taken it to Moncton several times and some of her acquaintances had seen it long before the murder.

People in Moncton verified that she had been seen pushing a baby in a carriage, but they added that she had never let them get a close look at it. She told two conflicting stories as to where the birth had taken place and when these were both proved false refused to give any more information on the subject.

If this was the missing Betty her parents, probably the only persons who could positively identify one so young,



May Bannister, Who Got Off With Only Three Years' Sentence for Her Part in the Crime.

ance and bravery and more more it saved the day.

As soon as they had questioned two men, Albert Fossell, Suburban Army worker and Milton Trites, Moncton second-hand dealer, the whole mystery straightened out into a black-and-white, almost sublime in its simplicity and stupidity.

But admitted intimacy on several occasions with the Bannister woman and each and that she had informed him that she expected a child of which he was the father. On the strength of these assertions, each had given her contributions of money until after the day the child was supposed to have been born. Then came the time when both the deluded men insisted on a glimpse of their alleged baby daughter. Mrs. Bannister had obligingly pushed a baby carriage past their place of business, permitting them a peep from the window at a tiny face almost hidden in blankets. This was just after the doll had been purchased.

It worked for a while, and then both men began to insist on a clandestine appointment in which they would have a real chance to get acquainted with their supposed offspring. Mrs. Ban-

nister, though managing to stall them off on various pretences, realized that before long she must have a real, live baby of about the right age to show them or these two sources of revenue would dry up.

Evidently it struck the Bannisters that only four miles away, their poverty-stricken friends, the Lakes, had just what they needed. To steal Betty and keep her meant the extermination of the rest of the Lake family, which they may have regretted not not enough to let it stop them.

The oldest woman, knowing that some children's tracks of man or animal as they picked the evening of January 5 to set out as the first flakes of a blizzard were falling. The two boys were to do the necessary violence

sturdy sister Francis was to carry the murder in the form of Betty.

According to Francis' testimony and other evidence at the trial of her brother, the boys knifed at the door while she remained outside in the bitter cold and snow. Windows and door were shut tight, but she was outside the door with her two children. Jackie, beside the roaring stove, was puffing with one of his traps by the light of a kerosene lantern. These lonely people were always glad to see their friends and welcomed them in.

The conversation, whatever it was, did not last long, only until the first time Lake turned his back. Then the astonished woman in bed saw one of the boys plant the muzzle of the rifle at the back of her common-law husband's head and pull the trigger. She evidently napped from the bed and struggled with them. The struggle was at such close quarters that they were unable to shoot her, but the end was certain. Smashing up Jackie, she ran from certain death in the warm shack to an equally certain one in the howling blizzard outside.

Then one of the boys caught up and crushed her skull with the rifle butt, Jackie, falling from her arms, he permitted to freeze where he fell. Returning to the shack the boys wrapped Betty in a blanket, handed her to Francis, sniffling someone around the shack, set it afire and hurried off.

May Bannister got off with only three years and a half years for harboring a stolen child. Her two helpful sons were convicted of murder and, the other day hanged, but her mother went to their deaths, quiet and untroubled, convinced that their sins had been forgiven, which sent them into paradise, in good standing.

Just before Arthur gave his parting good wishes to his mother, he had advised her to be good and joked with their unhappy father. When hangman Ellis was adjusting the noose, Daniel complained:

"That's too tight. I can't pray right."

"Be honest and make mine plenty tight," said Arthur, through his black mask. The traps were sprung and more, more "C's" and "A's," "celebrating 'Mounties' had lived up to their reputation.

The Secret of Charming Poisonous Snakes

Science Puzzled to Explain the Hazardous Exploits of the "Magicians" and Concludes That Some Persons Must Have a "Way With Them" in Managing Them



Here is Abdul, the Egyptian Snake-Charmer, Posing Intimately With a Cobra. If Abdul Is One of Those Gifted Individuals Who Have a Way With Snakes, Then This Is Indeed a Remarkable Photograph. But If Abdul Is a Fakir, Then It Means Just One Thing—The Cobra Has Had Its Fangs Poked Out.



Abdul at the Start of His Performance. Muttens Incantations in Search of a Snake. The Incantations Are Supposed to Have a Magical Effect on the Cobra, Causing It to Come Forth From Hiding.



"Are you under this walk, O Snake? If you are, I command you to come out. Come out, Snake, in the name of Allah!" So Speaks Abdul, Still Looking—or Pretending to Look—for a Cobra.

The Deadly Egyptian Cobra With Hood Extended in Fighting Attitude.

In this particular case the customary first part of the average snake-charmer's performance—that of locating the cobra—was omitted. But even that, apparently, is sometimes done without resorting to trickery. Dr. Dittmars tells of the experience of a reliable friend of his who once tested the powers of an Egyptian charmer by taking him into a part of the country with which he was totally unfamiliar. This man had a technique slightly different from Abdul's. He claimed to be able to "smell" them out, and he did, on this occasion in strange surroundings, he sniffed around for a while and before long had located a couple of very genuine cobras, neither of which appeared to be an old acquaintance of his.

Experiences of this kind have convinced Dr. Dittmars that some people actually do have a way with snakes just as some have a way with children, or dogs, or cats, or mountain lions. Monkeys, for instance, will make up immediately to one person while with another, who to the human eye seems equally unapproachable, they will show signs of dislike or unreason. No one knows why this is, whether it has to do with personality, or electricity, or air currents, or what—but it is certainly a fact that most people have had a chance to verify by experience.

That professional snake-charmers are confined largely to Oriental countries does not mean that only in that part of the world are there men with this peculiar gift. They exist in America, too, although in America, they are usually amateurs. Dr. Dittmars has met several of these men connected with a circus once dropped into his office at the Bronx, New York. Zoo with a suitcase full of rattlesnakes which he was immediately proceeded to open right on the doctor's table. The snakes were out and for a few moments the room was full of the vicious noise of rattles. By this time, Dr. Dittmars was no longer seated at the desk. He had backed away, strongly urging the cowboy to put the snakes back into the suitcase.

"Shucks!" said the cowboy, "they ain't nothing to be afraid of. And with that he grabbed the angry snakes one after the other and popped them back into the suitcase. "Not one of them snakes move to bite him. In an effort to learn how he had come by this extraordinary knack, Dr. Dittmars questioned him. The only explanation the man could give was that he had always liked rattles, used to play around with them when he was a kid and had never got bitten in his life.

"It's just that folks don't understand rattlers," he remarked. "They ain't the least bit ornery once you get to know them."

Dr. Dittmars ended by buying the snakes for the New York Zoo and subsequently examined them at his leisure. They were all in the best of health and venomous. Oriental snake charmers frequently pretend to get their results by the use of magic. They sit in front of the reptile, playing a reel-like instrument and the snake awakes back and forth, apparently charmed by the sounds. This is almost always a fake. The cobra has had its fangs drawn and its swaying is caused not by the music, but by the swaying of the man's body. Placed in a swaying slingshot, an erect cobra will also sway in order to keep in a position to strike.

THE remarkable photographs on this page show an Egyptian snake-charmer in action with a cobra—a deadly poisonous snake. How does he do it? How does he make the snake perform without getting bitten? Have the snake's fangs been taken out, or does the "magician" really possess some strange power of control over the reptile?

The matter of snake charming has puzzled science considerably. Investigators have, of course, found fakirs who handled snakes that had no poison fangs. But on the other hand, scientists have witnessed similar exhibitions and make certain that the poisonous reptile the snake-charmer had been handling did have its poison fangs. Could a poison-chilled person train a snake to perform the act? Dogs, cats and birds are supposed to be trained, then, in the hope of being rewarded with something to eat. Sometimes fear of punishment is a method used by trainers. But science doubts that a snake can be made to react to either of those inducements. Snakes go for long periods without eating anything at all, and very seldom seem to be hungry. And so far as punishment goes, how would any body go about punishing a snake?

So those who have studied this peculiar subject must have come to the conclusion that the explanation of this amazing life of snake charmers—who handle snakes that have their poison fangs—is that certain persons in this world have a way with them in managing snakes. It is well known that some people get along wonderfully well with children and many persons easily gain the affection, devotion and obedience of cats and dogs and other animals. It is concluded that they have a way with them. It is also concluded that the same thing probably holds true for genuine snake charmers.

According to the statement of Dr. Dittmars, one of the world's foremost authorities on snakes, little can be done in the way of training snakes. This is possible since they have been rendered harmless by removal of fangs at birth. But the net result of this treatment would only be to make them less apt to attack to take offense. It would not be likely to have positive results.

Sometimes, by trickery, it is possible to give the illusion that a reptile has been tamed. For instance, an alleged magician could make it appear that he had some kind of supernatural control over a lizard merely by holding it over its back and ordering it to retreat. There and he is quiet. The lizard would not doubt obey forth commands, not because he was in awe of the man but simply because both are very stupid, and it takes them quite a while to get their bearings.

If Abdul's performance as pictured on this page be considered trickery, a natural explanation can be advanced.



He Has Found His Snake, Either by Means of the Incantations—or by a Trick. If by the Latter, Abdul Probably Planted the Snake in This Spot Himself Not Long Before.



"Listen, O Snake, to the voice of your master. Move when I say 'move.' He still when I tell you to be still!"



The Snake Stands Up, Ready to Strike; Abdul Sits Down, Just Out of Range. The Snake's Peculiar Head Is Spread Out, Indicating That He Is Not Entirely Happy.



If This Happens to Be a Cobra Whose Fangs Have Been Drawn, This Picture and the Next Do Not Mean Much Because the Snake Is Harmless. However, if the Fangs Are Still In—As May Be the Case—Then Abdul's Failure to Be Bitten Can Only Be Explained by Saying That He Is the Sort of Person Snakes Take To.



"There now, I have you, Snake. I have gripped you round the neck with my strong fingers. I am the master. You are the snake." The Snake-Charmer Handles His Snake With Care. All His Movements Are Deft and Sudden as Are Those of the Snake Itself. He Never Takes His Eyes Off Its Small Head.



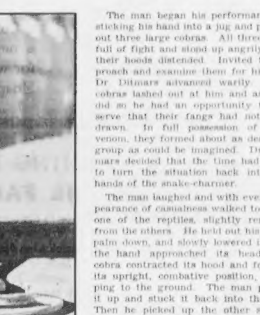
To the Spectator It Looks as Though, Under the Spell of Abdul's Powerful Magic, the Snake Is About to Obey the Commands to Enter the Jug. This Part of the Trick Is the Easiest of All. An Egyptian Cobra Will Always Duck Into a Dark Hole When He Gets a Chance.



For every move made, the cobra might have had its fangs drawn and have been accustomed to handling. Before going to work, the man would have needed it in a part of the wall along with some food to keep it from straying. Then he would collect his audience, offer to charm forth a cobra, and so on, time and time again. From this point on, past acquaintance could explain each photograph of the series except those showing the snake popping into the earthenware jug. On the surface, it would seem that at this point surely the man must have exercised magic. Nothing of the kind. It merely happens that the Egyptian cobra will always duck into a dark hole when he gets a chance.



The Snake's Head Is Inside. It Is Drawing Its Long Body In Behind It. The Owner Has His Trusty Stick Again. Soon the Cover Will Be on the Jug—and the Snake-Charmer Will Have Finished His Performance.



The man began his performance by sticking his hand into a jug and pulling out three large cobras. All three were full of fight and stood up angrily with their heads distended. Invited to approach and examine them for himself, Dr. Dittmars advanced warily. The cobras lashed out at him and as they did so he had an opportunity to observe that their fangs had not been drawn. In full possession of their venom, they formed about as deadly a group as could be imagined. Dr. Dittmars decided that the time had come to turn the situation back into the hands of the snake-charmer.

The man laughed and with every appearance of casualness walked towards one of the reptiles, slightly removed from the others. He held out his hand, palm down, and slowly lowered it. As the hand approached its head, the cobra contracted its head and forewent its upright, combative position, dropping to the ground. The man picked it up and stuck it back into the jug. Then he picked up the other snakes and put them in the jug. Dr. Dittmars gave him a round fee and the man walked off, happily enough, with his jugful of snakes slung over his shoulder.

GET YOUR CLOTHES HOSPITAL- CLEAN!



New CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS

**AMAZING NEW SOAP SOFTENS WATER,
DISSOLVES DIRT, REMOVES GERMS!**

**Read how Concentrated Super Suds helps
to protect your family against dangerous
germs, gets your clothes Hospital-Clean.**

DOCTORS tell us that germs hidden in towels, bed linen, handkerchiefs, dish towels—all the family wash—often spread infection from one member of the family to another.

Every mother will want to protect her family from these germ-menaces to health. Here is a simple way to do so without extra trouble—without extra cost.

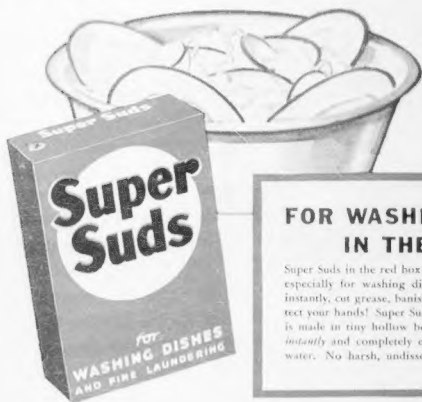
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company now announces a new granulated laundry soap—created specially for washing clothes—made to help you get clothes Hospital-Clean. The name of this remarkable new

laundry soap is **CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS**. It comes to you in a **blue box**. Here is how its **triple action** gets your clothes snowy white—truly Hospital-Clean:

1. **SOFTENS WATER INSTANTLY.** Gives quick, rich, long-lasting suds even in the hardest water. Less soaking required; cuts washing time in tub or machine.
2. **DISSOLVES DIRT without scrubbing.** Gently washes away even stubborn grime and grease. Yet is so safe that clothes last longer—colors stay bright and fresh.
3. **REMOVES GERMS** that physicians agree lurk in every family wash. It gets your clothes **Hospital-Clean**.

Washing with **Concentrated Super Suds** will give you a beautiful snow white wash. In addition you can have utmost confidence that your clothes will be Hospital-Clean. And that means that most of the dangerous germs have been removed or killed in the washing process. Of course, no soap and water treatment will make clothes absolutely sterile. If there is a contagious disease in your home—call your family physician and follow his advice.

Get the remarkable new **Concentrated Super Suds** in the blue box, today. Let this amazing new laundry soap save you time—save you work—get your clothes **Hospital-Clean!** **Concentrated Super Suds** is tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute.



FOR WASHING DISHES—SUPER SUDS IN THE FAMILIAR RED BOX!

Super Suds in the red box is the soap made especially for washing dishes—to dissolve instantly, cut grease, banish soap film—protect your hands! Super Suds in the red box is made in tiny hollow beads. It dissolves instantly and completely even in lukewarm water. No harsh, undissolved particles of

soap are left to roughen and reddens your hands! And because no soap film is left to stick to dishes, all you have to do is rinse them with hot water—every dish will dry sparkling clean *without wiping*. You're through in *half the time!* Super Suds is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Latest Speed-up of the Vanderbilt Divorce

Sudden Violent Eruptions of Husband-and-Wife-Trouble, Hereditary Emotional Affliction of America's Once Richest Family

HUSBAND-AND-WIFE trouble, the hereditary affliction in the Vanderbilt clan, now is on out in a new step of divorce rapidity.

The former Grace Vanderbilt, only daughter of General Cornelius Vanderbilt, has just divorced Henry Logan, Duke of the Lanes, Wyoming.

Mrs. Catherine Farnes Vanderbilt, whose four-year-old daughter is a cousin of the much-bought-in Clara Vanderbilt, is suing George S. Vanderbilt for divorce.

Late this summer, the former Mrs. Vanderbilt got rid of her second husband, Henry Delaford Phelps, at Rome.

From the grave comes the echo of still another divorce, an ancient one. In setting up the scene of the late Virginia Fair Vanderbilt Howell, it was found that her husband, W. K. Vanderbilt, 2nd, had overpaid her divorce wife \$14,945.62 in alimony, a truly rare form of generosity.

Grace Vanderbilt was reported to have divorced Henry Davis so that young gentlemen would be free to marry her sister-in-law, Mrs. Helen Varner Vanderbilt, third wife of Grace's spectacular son-in-law, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. "Nelle" has just gone to Rome, saying that Helen left him more than a year ago and that he hasn't heard from her since.

It is not for the first time that Grace's kitchen habit of doing exactly the opposite of what everyone naturally expects, it would be taken for granted that he is about to add another divorce to the present vintage and a third to his own record.

Helen, from her home in Chicago, 12 N. W. St., has just wired the long-distance telephone that she was planning to marry someone else. Also she said she wasn't getting the divorce.

Grace's divorce with Earl, at the Longchamps, France, after she married Henry Gassaway Davis, III, whom she divorced the other day.

Grace Vanderbilt, With Earl, at the Longchamps, France, After She Married Henry Gassaway Davis, III, Whom She Divorced the Other Day.

Strangest of all is Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who has written books and articles on the subject of divorce, and got a divorce in a few minutes in 1921 and married his new family. He has done many other things which have amazed the wealthy and fashionable. But when it comes to the matter of divorce, young Cornelius seems that he is a true Vanderbilt. The young, self-appointed critic of the family has been married three times and a divorce is said to be on the way. That would make this most recent marriage the shortest, if not the sweetest of all. They were married January 4, 1921, the third Mrs. Vanderbilt being the freshly-divorced wife of "Buck" Anderson, football coach, who succeeded Knute Rockne at Notre Dame. She was originally Helen Varner.

The first was Rachel Littlejohn, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who married him in 1901 and divorced him seven years later. "There are some who blame her for Cornelius' erratic behavior ever since. It is said that she refused to accept him until he had gotten himself a job, just like an ordinary person. She said: 'I don't want you to be just another Vanderbilt.'"

Cornelius instantly got a job at \$45 a week as a newspaper reporter, dabbling in assignments in a huge foreign war when even these American ones were not so common as now. That job was his wife's, but also it filled him with ambition to be the great American "billionaire king." His attempt failed so disastrously that the stung stockholders sued him, and even the second Mrs. Vanderbilt suffered from the effort, because at it did that she could be seen in being down in him a flock of creditors.

The second Mrs. Vanderbilt was the former Mrs. Mary Weir Logan, who was "Nelle" at Rome while she was being divorced from Walsby Logan, wealthy Chicago broker. Young Van-



Mary Weir Logan, Cornelius, Jr.'s Second Wife, Who Married Him in 1921 and Divorced Him in 1931.



Rachel Littlejohn, the First Wife of Cornelius, Jr., and Divorced.

derbilt, who has nothing but soon for New York and Newport, had chosen Rome as his permanent residence—not so he could get divorced in a hurry, but because he found that some-what wild-eyed crowd congenial.

The second marriage happened in Chicago during 1928 and ended in Rome during 1931. The break came as a sequel to the great Arm-Vanderbilt "battles of the century." The record-setting duel of words between Vanderbilt and cartoonist Peter Arno got almost as much publicity as a heavyweight championship. Yet, as far as known, the only blow struck was with an alleged blackball, thrown by an alleged Vanderbilt, and hitting an alleged Pullman porter, an alleged innocent bystander, in the stomach. A famous duel ought to have a noble cause, and Nolle said it was his wife.

"That is the last straw," answered Mrs. Vanderbilt, and telephoned for her divorce lawyer. She got her divorce.

The two wives quickly and easily got young Nelle out of their lives, but he remained a sort of "problem child" to his sedate parents and the entire Vanderbilt clan ever since Rachel put that disastrous idea into his head.

At Rome and elsewhere everyone welcomed this Vanderbilt like any other of that famous name, at first, but to their dismay they found themselves written up, and some complained they had not said this thing or the other for publication, at all. But he was a well-drawing card for the transient divorcee, and the family so when Cornelius Jr. arrived in Italy one day with a grand flourish, nothing was too good for him. Even Mussolini found time to be interviewed by a Vanderbilt and took him for a long ride in his roadster, but young Cornelius proceeded to tell the world

that it Duce was a hit-and-run driver, which he denied with horrified amazement.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has described his strenuous efforts to break away from the society in which he was born and how he shuddered his family in a very entertaining book, "Farwell to Fifth Avenue." As a child he spent most of the time in a schoolroom two floors above the reception rooms and was allowed to be his parents twice a day for twenty minutes. At ten he learned to draw fine social distinctions, and to differentiate between and-faced Mrs. K., whose mother took in washing in the gold fields, and crimson-headed J. P. Morgan.

General Cornelius Vanderbilt entertained the Kaiser on his steam yacht, as everybody knows. Young Cornelius learned how to behave with royalty and was a coat trimmed with ermine in which he became entangled and almost fell overboard. The Kaiser saved him from drowning.

Twenty years later when Cornelius tried to interview the Kaiser, moments at Doorn, the latter answered crossly: "If I had to let you ask at Kiel, you would not be intruding on my privacy now."

After young Cornelius newspaper enterprises had come to grief he took a \$40 a month apartment nearly within sight of the old Vanderbilt mansion in New York. There he entertained some of the most noted Bohemians of New York and other centers and could look with hopeful eye on his old associates.

Some say it was Alva Smith Vanderbilt, wife of William K., grandson of old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who introduced the divorce idea that has produced 13 divorces in the family within 18 years.

Others say old Commodore Vanderbilt, founder of the family and fortune, started it when at the age of 70 he eloped with a 17-year-old flapper of the time.

In order to crush all social rivals during a brilliant season at Newport the matchmaker introduced and fertilized her daughter Cornelia into giving up the young American as she loved and marrying the Duke of Marlborough, a pompous, fat-chested, little shrimp of a man, who cared nothing for the Vanderbilt flapper, but needed her father's millions.

William K. was strongly against buying the title, knew it was nobody but his daughter's heart but was won by the Duke's millions. It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt's remorse over his weakness so annoyed his wife that it was her main reason for divorcing him and marrying O. H. P. Belmont. Having played ducks and drakes with the lives and fortunes of both husbands

Who Says If There's to Be a Divorce It's Up to Her Husband to Get It.

and outlived both, she died recently, with a million and a half still unspent. Before dying she did no kindly act, confessing to the Rota, the Roman Catholic One which passes on such things, the ruthless and heartless manner in which she had driven Cornelius into that loveless marriage. It was so awful that even after all those years the church granted her daughter an annulment.

The former Duchess then married Jacques Balsan, a Frenchman, acting this time on her personal inclination. The late Cornelius, another grandson of the Commodore, produced an uneven lot of progeny, including the dignified General Cornelius, the sportive and late Alfred G., the late Reggie and Gertrude Vanderbilt, widow of the late Harry Payne Whitney, who fought it out in the Rota, Reggie's wife, Reggie, before Gloria took him, had been divorced from his first wife, the former Cathleen Sloan, who later was Mrs. Sydney J. Colford when she died.

Reggie's daughter, Cathleen Vanderbilt, by her first marriage, married and divorced Harry Charles Channing III. Cornelius II had another son, known as General Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is the somewhat peripatetic father of Nolle, now to have his third divorce—maybe.

Muriel Vanderbilt's recent Reno divorce from her second husband, Henry Delaford Phelps, is a striking case of the troubles of a "poor little rich girl." Muriel is the second daughter of the present William K. Vanderbilt and his divorced, lately deceased wife, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, both multi-millionaires.

Young Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps is already in possession of a great fortune and as yet is not only a beauty, but abnormally handsome. One would suppose it to be not only easy but pleasant to be the husband of a rich and beautiful wife, but two husky young men have grown tired of the position. She was first married to Frederick Courtenay Church, the Harvard football hero, sometimes known as "the Harvard Adams." The next husband was Henry Delaford Phelps, a good-looking young hotel salesman.

After three and a half years of marriage to the Harvard Adams—during most of which she was not living with him—she went to Reno and freed him. Soon afterwards she married the handsome and ambitious Mr. Phelps and now he has got the same way.

At first, whenever she came home the husbands of the rich and beautiful wife at "divorceness. Also they were left to go with her whenever and wherever she permitted, and when she left them at home, that, of course, was as it should be, but before long in every case she was a satisfactory change took place. By degrees they became indifferently bored, then marred-and-hated-to-kill, and when finally must were unhappy-looking. Strangest of all, they finally preferred to leave the splendor of Muriel and live all alone.

They say that a man's job as an heiress's husband is never done. In an office or factory a man receives for his hat at five or six o'clock, and after that his time is his own until the whistle blows the next morning. So he gets Saturday afternoons, Sundays and various vacations for his very own. But the husband of an heiress never has any time of his own.

In divorcing Mr. Church she charged him with "not supporting her." How could he when she had over so many times as much money as he had? But that was really one of the causes of their estrangement. It had been normal for a husband to support his wife from the dawn of civilization, and when he cannot do so because she has too much money, both are disaffected.

The heiress married Mr. Phelps two years after her divorce from Mr. Church, when she had not so much money as she had in the past. She went away to his home in Middleton, R. I., just as Church had gone home to Boston. He simply couldn't stand the life,

Mrs. Helen Varner Vanderbilt, Third Wife of Cornelius, Jr., Who Left Him About a Year Ago, but It's Up to Her Husband to Get It.

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Muriel Vanderbilt, Who Got Rid of Her Second Husband This Summer.

Martha Hutchinson, who died in a fall from an automobile near there. A friend was accused of killing her, but was acquitted. Vanderbilt announced that he did not own the ranch, nor have any interest in it, though he had lived there.

In Europe, too, the ancient name stood for a sort of American Royal Family so when Cornelius Jr. arrived in Italy one day with a grand flourish, nothing was too good for him. Even Mussolini found time to be interviewed by a Vanderbilt and took him for a long ride in his roadster, but young Cornelius proceeded to tell the world

about giving up the young American as she loved and marrying the Duke of Marlborough, a pompous, fat-chested, little shrimp of a man, who cared nothing for the Vanderbilt flapper, but needed her father's millions.

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To help you keep them strong and sturdy...



WE CREATED A *New-Type Margarine* ..THIS WHOLESOME, NOURISHING NUCOA!

THOSE precious children of yours... Nothing in all the world is too good for them! Yet what a problem it is to give them a well-balanced diet, and still keep within your food budget!

Perhaps you have hesitated to economize by serving them a margarine as a spread for bread. And it is for just such careful mothers as you that we created this wholesome, nourishing Nucoa.

For Nucoa is a new kind of margarine... developed after years of research. A delicious vegetable margarine, churned in fresh, pasteurized milk. It has been approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and accepted by the American Medical Association, Council on Foods.

ENERGY FOR ACTIVE LITTLE BODIES!

Every pound of Nucoa supplies 3400 food-energy calories as many as the most expensive spread for bread. And so, Nucoa fits perfectly into a balanced diet as a wholesome source of food energy.

Why don't you try the new Nucoa? See how fresh and sweet it is... always the same high quality, month in, month out. See how your family will love it on breads... what rich, luxurious cakes it makes... how it enriches hot vegetables with its creamy goodness!

Of course, Nucoa—the wholesome new margarine—costs slightly more than ordinary margarines... Yet it saves you up to 14¢ a pound over the most commonly used spread

for bread. Nucoa brings you a *quality* spread that helps cut down your food bills. Why not try a pound today?

Nucoa comes to you a natural, creamy-white color. For table use it can easily be tinted a tempting golden-yellow. Just blend in the color wafer that comes with every package.



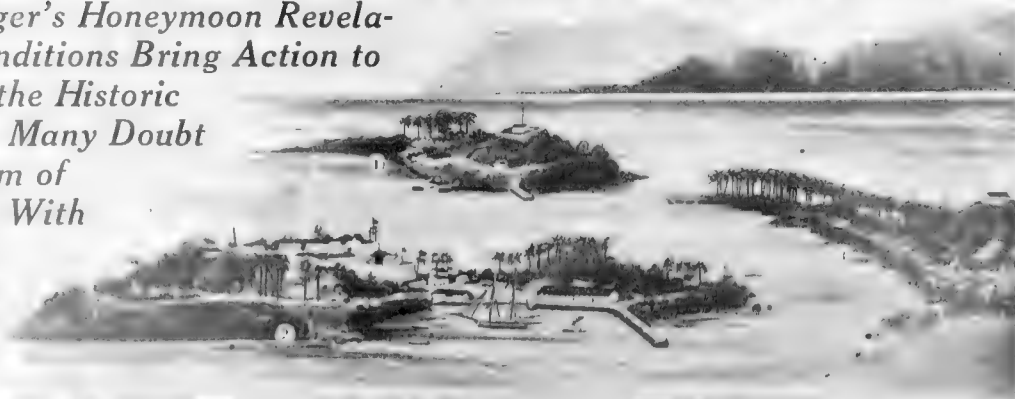
**NEW NUCOA SAVES YOU
UP TO 14¢ A POUND**



THE WHOLESOME "THRIFT SPREAD" FOR BREAD

Churned by the makers of Hellmann's and Best Foods Real Mayonnaise

Mlle. Maroger's Honeymoon Revelations of Conditions Bring Action to Wipe Out the Historic Prison---But Many Doubt the Wisdom of Doing Away With This Terror of Desperate Criminals

[illegible]

A black and white photograph of a prison cell. The cell has wooden walls and a wooden floor. A wooden ladder is attached to the wall on the left. A small table with a striped cloth is in the foreground.



ALL Mistle Men are the 1st in A
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the "new" aspects of the health of the nation. The new emphasis on the health of the nation is a result of the growing awareness of the health of the nation as a whole, and the growing awareness of the health of the nation as a whole. The new emphasis on the health of the nation is a result of the growing awareness of the health of the nation as a whole, and the growing awareness of the health of the nation as a whole.

themselves. In
the corporate
governance
system, the
shareholders
are the
ultimate
owners of the
company.

In my last I discussed the question of the representation of the various nations of the world in the various countries of the world. I have now to discuss the question of the representation of the various nations of the world in the various countries of the world.

[illegible]

A GALLERY OF SKULLS FROM EX- HUMAN

1. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 2. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 3. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 4. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 5. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 6. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 7. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 8. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 9. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)
 10. *Staphylococcus aureus* (1000)

THE FINEST OF THE WORLD

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

100

11

1. *Phragmites* (Common Reed)

10

11



Stuffed Eggplant

Slice a sharply eggplant. Boil in water until tender. Cut a slice about 1/2 inch thick. Cut pulp in small pieces. Remove seeds. Chop 1 green pepper, 1/2 cup celery, 1/2 cup onion, 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup beaten egg, 1/2 cup pineapples, 1/2 cup apple, 1/2 cup paprika and 1/2 cup salt. Mix together. Fill the eggplant with the mixture. Bake at 350° for 1 hour.

Dutch Pineapple Cake

Mix 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup pineapples, 1/2 cup apples, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup nuts, 1/2 cup salt, 1/2 cup baking powder, 1/2 cup soda, 1/2 cup yeast, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, 1/2 cup apple juice, 1/2 cup grape juice, 1/2 cup cherry juice, 1/2 cup strawberry juice, 1/2 cup raspberry juice, 1/2 cup blueberry juice, 1/2 cup blackberry juice, 1/2 cup elderberry juice, 1/2 cup mulberry juice, 1/2 cup currant juice, 1/2 cup gooseberry juice, 1/2 cup huckleberry juice, 1/2 cup logberry juice, 1/2 cup saskatoon berry juice, 1/2 cup serviceberry juice, 1/2 cup chokeberry juice, 1/2 cup dogwood berry juice, 1/2 cup sumac berry juice, 1/2 cup elderberry juice, 1/2 cup huckleberry juice, 1/2 cup logberry juice, 1/2 cup saskatoon berry juice, 1/2 cup serviceberry juice, 1/2 cup chokeberry juice, 1/2 cup dogwood berry juice, 1/2 cup sumac berry juice.



Pineapple Ham Loaf

Mix 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup pineapples, 1/2 cup apples, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup nuts, 1/2 cup salt, 1/2 cup baking powder, 1/2 cup soda, 1/2 cup yeast, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, 1/2 cup apple juice, 1/2 cup grape juice, 1/2 cup cherry juice, 1/2 cup strawberry juice, 1/2 cup raspberry juice, 1/2 cup blueberry juice, 1/2 cup blackberry juice, 1/2 cup elderberry juice, 1/2 cup mulberry juice, 1/2 cup currant juice, 1/2 cup gooseberry juice, 1/2 cup huckleberry juice, 1/2 cup logberry juice, 1/2 cup saskatoon berry juice, 1/2 cup serviceberry juice, 1/2 cup chokeberry juice, 1/2 cup dogwood berry juice, 1/2 cup sumac berry juice.

You Can Do So Much For Your Meals WITH CANNED PINEAPPLE

In the tempting salads. And the delicious dessert, you can make with Pineapple have no limit. Every meal of the day takes Pineapple—like it and become a habit. The new Canned Pineapple contains important food values. It is rich to our well-being—rich in vitamins A, B and C—food-iron and copper for the blood—other minerals to increase the alkaline reserve of the body—plus natural sugars for quick energy.

Put Canned Pineapple (Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits) on your grocery list today. Use it in the novel suggestions shown above, or in dishes your own ingenuity devises—and you'll find those three meals a day will take on new interest for your family.



Lydia Oswald, International Spy, Who Beguiled Officers to Secure Armament Secrets and Sold to Nations, Reveals How Espionage Agents Were Trapped and How She Herself Was Trapped and Imprisoned



**Train Entering the Simplon Tunnel Between Switzerland and Italy,
Where the Body of the Murderer Was Found.**

Photograph of a Russian Fire
Pictures of its kind 1 are 5

[illegible][illegible]

S

Geneva is the seat of the League of Nations and



Mme. Olga Kalmeneva, Who Organized the Women's Section of Red Russia's Spy System Under the Ironic Title of "Society of Cultural Relations."

Nobody Knows How Many Thousands Are in the Russian Spy Service—This Photograph Shows Members of the Military Branch Marching Past Their Chiefs in Red Square, Moscow

Section of Red
City of Cultural

blows. The engineer pulls over the steam control and with a screech of stagnant wheels and the unsteady buffeting of coach against coach, the most famous train in Europe moves out of the Gare de Lyon. It whistles a regretful adieu to Gay Paris, and gathers momentum for its run from the Occident into the Near Orient.

As the train is running smoothly through outer Paris, however, a heated altercation is taking place in the corridor of Sleeping Car No. 7. The conductor and the late stranger—a tall Latin-faced young man—are in heated argument. The train is full, every berth taken, and M'sieu has no ticket, no reservation. It is an unheard-of sacrilege on the Orient Express.

The conductor says that he will stop the train and have the intruder thrown off. The man pleads that he will sleep in the corridor, in the restaurant car—even in the baggage van. Impossible. The usually imperturbable conductor is shocked at the thought; and, besides, it is against the regulations on a *de luxe* express.

The Chef du Train joins in the argument, with the true Gaul's love of a lengthy and intricate passage of words. The altercation grows more heated. The conductor and the Chef du Train are getting red in the face, their hands are beating the air in denision, anger, irony. The stranger listens, cooler than his two rival antagonists.

Suddenly the three men are silenced by the only thing that will silence three males in heated discussion—the entrance of a beautiful young woman. It is the lady of Berth No. 9, the agitated young woman with tickets to Belgrade and a Spanish passport, the latter having already been surrendered to the care of the conductor to save Mademoiselle from being disturbed in the night by the *Passage Control* at the frontiers.

"M'sieu has no ticket—no reservation," explains the conductor, "and the train is full." He adds with a slight regretfulness in his tone:

The agitated young woman with the Spanish passport takes charge of the situation with the initiative of a woman who is in love.

"M'aiten will share my compartment," she says with decision, and turning on her heel leads the stranger to her cabine. The conductor looks at the Chef du Train. The Chef du Train looks at the conductor. They shrug their shoulders. The conductor smiles at the Chef du Train—it is irregular, mais, qui voulez-vous, a woman has no choice.

The engineer peers steadily ahead through the observation glass of the locomotive, down the elongated beam of the giant headlight of the engine of the Orient Express as it roars its way through the blackness of the Simplon Tunnel. The stoker and assistant engineer lean idly in the little cabin smoking a cigarette. High above them the Alps tower in splendor. Man with his civilized mechanism has to burrow through the earth with his

Let $\mathcal{W} = \{w_1, \dots, w_n\}$ be the word list
 containing $w_1, \dots, w_n$ and $\text{cost}(\mathcal{W})$ be
 the cost of $\mathcal{W}$.

the luxury coaches behind the engine, contemptuous of the middle-class commuters, unable to appreciate the beauty of a locomotive. Obviously these are the men of the Orient Express, the men of money, men of power, men of murder and death.

stalked through the corridors of the
specter; unaware that the hand of
love has turned to the hand of
death, that the heart of peace
turned to hate and that at Milan an interesting job
of investigation awaits the Inspector.

The conductor of the train, a
face, a face, a face, a face, a face,
recoils twinkle in his eyes. The
door of Calm, Calm, Calm, Calm,
but he doesn't know why it is
in vain always under the sky, the sky, the sky.

John Agard
General of S

There is no reply to his knock. He waits a little longer, still no answer. Then, a month twitches into a smile. He sighs heavily, the two of them. He tries the door. It is locked. He looks at his

An hour passes. He is still there. The conductor is worried. He looks for the strange silence in Compartment 9 to the train. Train the next time he passes along. Together they try to gain admittance. They find no reference. Maybe they are all lost. The conductor notices that the man in No. 10 is going to the restaurant car. He suggests that they shall try and enter No. 9 through the double door of the gold.

With a muttered exclamation of "What?" they find that the little door — the entrance to compartment 9 — is not locked. Ready to be apologetic and expecting to have to retire in disorder, they slip into the locked berth. A strange silence fills the air; it is pregnant with an undetermined tragedy; it is the silence of tragedy.

The conductor's eyes dilate at the sight which meets them. Stretched out on the lower berth is the young woman with the Spanish passport. Her head is turned towards the wall, but a red patch on the corsage of her night attire tells a grim story. Her flesh has the waxlike transparency of the dead. She is dead.

The conductor pulls himself together. No longer is he the romantic star, the well-framed servant of the sleeping car company—he is a human being who is shocked at the tragedy of murder. He calls hourly to the Chief du Train. Together they bend over the dead body of the lady with the Spanish passport. Yes, she is quite dead—shot through the heart. Search reveals a small silver plated revolver lying under the berth half hidden by a beam of

But the life of a spy is a dangerous one. Not only are spy missions successful or profitable or even in times of peace, there are

Here are the facts, known alone to me—
the Italian police.

But, as in my own case among the French, I find that, a woman, because of her love of make-up, is liable to succumb to the

One night in November, 1930, the nine chocolate-colored coaches of the Orient Express were coupled to Platform 4 at the Gare de l'Est. The usual bustle of sleeping cars was absent; news vendors and embarking passengers were scarce. With the noise of escaping

At the railway station, a young girl, who had been waiting for five minutes before the train arrived, pulled out a young and beautiful man, who was pushed through the gate with her. She ran and walk made her way along

He halted, motioned to a harassed man following her, and climbed the sleeping berth ticket to the upper berth. He intercepted her with raised

"Madame" he said with a half-bow, and handed the word to the porter to hand in the baggage to the compartment window. The porter opened the compartment door and the lady entered. An ornate bath was there. "This, at a Paris railway station," said the lady. "Many beautiful women travel on the railways of Europe, and the sight of a

... in a hurry, a little agitated, was no
... the doors and confirmed
... the chorale-coated conductors
... tional sleeping car company. If the
... of Car No. 7 thought twice about the
... path—maybe a ro-
... he'd wife fleeing from her legal hus-
... he may have thought; or just a pretty
... woman winging her way to her lover, and hurried at
... the thought of missing the train that was to take
... her to him. Women are always running after
... love—or away from it; he may have spent a mo-
... ment in meditation.

Twenty minutes past eight. The Chef du Train's whistle is at his lips, his arm raised in signal to the engine-driver—in two seconds the

Second, the theme of the Low
level of the Soviet Union



Mme. Sokolnikoff, Wife of the
 First Ambassador to Great Brit-
 ain Who Is Said to Have Acted
 as a Spy Against Her Own Hus-
 band, Who Fell in Love with the
 Man, Married Him and Saved
 Him from the Secret Police.



"The conductor's eyes dilate at the sight which meets his eyes. Stretched out on the lower berth is the body with the Spanish passport; her head is turned towards the wall, but an ominous red patch on the canvas at her neck shows all too grimly that her flesh has the wax-like transparency of the dead. She is dead."

The conductor pulls himself together. No longer is he the romantic slave; the well-trained servant of the Sierra Leone Company, he is a human being who is shocked at the tragedy of murder. He calls loudly to the Chief de Pann. Together they bend over the dead body of the girl with the Spanish passport. As she is quite dead—shot through the heart—Search reveals a small, silver-plated revolver lying under the berth, half hidden by a heap of crumpled feminine clothing.

disorderly and devoted to the partition. As they stand idly waiting for the engines disembarassing the police, a posse of Carabinieri enters the way through the crowd, their Napoleon head-dresses lowered over the polyglot faces of the travelers. The scene then turns to this mate: "The crowd began to keep this moment as it had, and he mut-
ter."

[illegible]

On the night of the 10th, a patrol of ten British soldiers of the post, including a Maltese soldier, was sent out. He was armed with a hand gun and a rifle. The patrol was sent out to look for the plane wreckage. It was not to be reached, however, and it was combed. Where is Guba Fort on the missing attaché, the

the Spanish passport." Telegrams have been sent to Rome, to the Sireto Generale in Paris and to the Railway Police along the line. "Wanted for Murder" commences these wired instructions. The man-hunt is on. It is a day

$\text{rank}(A) = 1$ if and only if $A = \begin{pmatrix} a & b \\ c & d \end{pmatrix}$ for some $a, b, c, d \in \mathbb{R}$.
 $\text{rank}(A) = 2$ if and only if $A = \begin{pmatrix} a & b \\ c & d \end{pmatrix}$ for some $a, b, c, d \in \mathbb{R}$ such that $ad - bc \neq 0$.
 $\text{rank}(A) = 0$ if and only if $A = \begin{pmatrix} 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 \end{pmatrix}$.

... I know better than
... Menezes
... Louisiana is
... yellow hum-
... considering the
... of the Queen
... typed

phases of the process of a very
long and painful struggle. The
new political birth of the African
people is a process of time. They
are not going to get rid of their
colonial past overnight and

And now let me take the reader to Madrid, Spain. There is a reception at the Italian Embassy. Gaiety—the smiles and bright eyes of beautiful women; the smart uniforms and glittering decorations of the men. Apart, a little apart, a tall, thin man covered with decorations, the peer of the Golden Fleece round his throat. Alas, this is the King of Spain. In a corner, a young man with handsome young Italian attributes, but a little bent over that of a still younger man, is heard a low voice to an attractive young girl.

The scene changes. The young girl is now in Paris. He has been transferred and promoted. It is two years later. One day he is in the Park, a dark head, a pair of flashing eyes and a beautiful smile which he recognizes. It is his lost love, his previous brilliant reception in Moscow. But she is with another.

[illegible][illegible]

The typewriter of an old newspaper
came with the news of the death of
the heroine and the story of the
Spanish passport.

Second in importance to actual political counter-espionage, Defense again has a heavy cover, expensive and in most cases unnecessary, with the exception of Russia and Germany. The trapping of spies is left to the police. The OGPU has a widespread counter-espionage service which is inclined to be overzealous and arrests quite innocent people on charges of espionage or subversion.

The famous trial of the British engineer was a good example of the spy-mania of the Soviet Government. Russia today is more worm-eaten with espionage than any country in Europe. Bolshevism is born of terrorism and nurtured by it. It has led to the building up of a secret police more than that of any other country.

[illegible]

De la même façon, les auteurs ont pu constater que les personnes qui ont subi une agression sexuelle ont des attitudes plus négatives envers les femmes victimes de violence sexuelle que les personnes qui n'ont pas subi d'agression sexuelle. Les auteurs ont également constaté que les personnes qui ont subi une agression sexuelle ont des attitudes plus négatives envers les femmes victimes de violence sexuelle que les personnes qui n'ont pas subi d'agression sexuelle.

...and the other two are the same as in the previous case.

He said that the American people had a right to know the truth about the situation in Cuba. He said that the American people had a right to know the truth about the situation in Cuba. He said that the American people had a right to know the truth about the situation in Cuba.

Continued on Page 10

M. W. E. M. C.



CHAPTER XXVIII

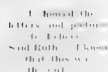
The Murder Weapon

T

TASTE BETTER

NO RITZ. NO WASTEL.
IT'S GREAT...

BRIGHT IT CIGARETTE SWEET
CLEAR DOWN TO THE HEEL.



1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

A driver who is not inclined to mount an aggressive defense or who prefers to pay a fine, improving the security, would rather exchange top speed for pulling over for a few other women's rules, holding up the road traffic.

**For
Better
Driving**

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FILDS & FIELD *A History of the House* **LITTON & LITTON'S** *Presidents*

SENSATION OF 1936

BY
JOHN HOLMGREN

BOUQUETS FROM EVERY SIDE! "Grand!"

"Marvelous!"... "What a discovery!"

Everybody's applauding, everybody's cheering those amazing new Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS. Try them and they'll sweep you off your feet, too. The first and only chip to bring you that peppy, dirt-lustre — NAPTHA!

GENTLE AS A KITTEN to daintiest stains and all stains, too! Remember that Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS are made of fine, mild soap and naphtha, the gentlest cleanser known. They're perfect for every washing job—no need for expensive "trick" soaps now!

"HURRAY FOR THE WINNER!" Try Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS in your washing machine and you'll be through in record time! Even the grubbliest dirt runs right out. And never a bit of fading or streaking!

MARVEL OF THE YEAR! At last two glorious cleaners have gotten together to stage a new thrill for you! When these crinkly, curly flakes of richer, golden soap and naphtha tackle the wash, dirt has to make a quick exit! Clothes look so white, you feel just like taking a bowl!

TRY THEM! THEY'LL THRILL YOU, TOO!
FIRST AND ONLY CHIPS TO BRING YOU NAPTHA!

It really is marvelous—how quick and easy it is to use Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS.

My washing is so quick and easy now. My laundry man is so happy.

Why are women so enthusiastic? Why are they all so happy about Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS?

Because these are the first and only flakes to have a rich, golden soap and lots of mild naphtha. Two wonderful cleaners instead of one!

These crinkly, curly flakes are so thin, they dissolve completely. Just turn on the water, tip go the suds! And out goes the dirt!

The box is a grand new convenience,

too. The handy pouring-spoon in the top saves waste and spilling.

Try them right away! On your very next trip to your grocer's, be sure to ask for Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS. They're made by the makers of the famous golden bar, Fels-Naptha Soap—the soap that banishes "rattle-tale gray!"

YOUR NOSE will tell you there's no irritating dust to make you cough and sneeze—in Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS. They are pleasanter to use. And gentler, too! For if ordinary strong powders and chips hurt your nose, imagine what they do to your clothes!

THOSE WONDERFUL MOMENTS when hands are so important! Why be ashamed of them? Your hands can be lovely as a queen's—if you use Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS for dishes and cleaning, too. These flakes hold soothing glycerine, you see—the beautifying base of many costly hand-lotions.





Ab Jenkins **BRINGS WORLD RECORDS
BACK TO AMERICA** ★ ★ ★
on **Firestone**
Gum-dipped **TIRES**

THINK OF IT—7,134 miles in 48 hours, or an average speed of 148.62 miles an hour! Never before has man driven so fast for so long. On September 22 and 23, over the world's fastest speedway, the salt beds of Lake Bonneville, Utah, Ab Jenkins broke 72 world, international, and American speed records—many previously held by European drivers.

Years before Ab Jenkins began his record-breaking run, Firestone chemists and engineers toiled in a ceaseless effort to find the way to conquer internal friction which creates heat—the great destroyer of tire life. From their efforts was conceived Gum-Dipping—the patented process which so skillfully blends cotton and rubber that every tiny fiber of every cotton cord in the tire is bound together into one inseparable unit.

It was by means of this Gum-Dipping process, used only in Firestone Tires, that rubber and cotton were able to hold together under Jenkins' 2½-ton, 650-horsepower record-breaking car as it tore over the granite-like salt, at speeds as high as 160 and 170 miles per hour.

You, of course, will never drive your car 2½ miles a minute, but you need the extra protection of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for long, hard drives which may tax ordinary tires beyond their strength and resistance.

Firestone High Speed Gum-Dipped Tires give you greatest blowout protection—this is proved by every test. Ab Jenkins trusted his life to Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, and even at such terrific speeds he had no blowouts or tire trouble of any kind. Why take chances when you can have this same extra safety that only Gum-Dipping can give.

To protect your life and the lives of others, go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store, and have your car equipped today with a set of Firestone High Speed Tires. The scientifically designed tread gives you up to 25% greater non-skid safety. Treads wear down far less on the cold, wet pavements of fall and winter—your tires will be practically new next spring.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

Have you

-eyes that spot value?

-a nose for big news?

-lips that love luxury?



EYES with us, hard and wide open—with but a brow arched well above the nose. Full lower lids, deeply furrowed wrinkles above. “Laughter creases” above eyebrows. Irresistible, radiant smile, somewhat reminiscent of the life of a peacock.

Cream of Kentucky!

NOSE with sharp upslit at tip, indicating curiosity—the type eager for news. Broad at bridge, indicating intuition—the type that will dig up news. Lower nostrils tapering sharply to thin nostrils, indicating the type that will not be deceived.

Cream of Kentucky!

LIPS plump, rich in coloring, slightly moist, soft textured. Wide lower lip, upper lip delicately fuller and heavier than the upper, and in good condition. Not too much framed with full, bushy cheeks and thin. These are the lips of one fond of a feast!

Cream of Kentucky!



The grandest whiskey news for real luxury lovers is the surprisingly *low price* you are asked to pay for this famous “*double-rich*” straight Bourbon of old Kentucky!



Cream of Kentucky

Very Fine
Mouth-Kiss
Whiskey

MADE IN
KENTUCKY



90 PROOF STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

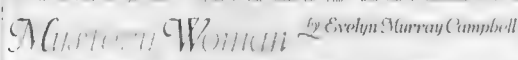
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By Parke Hardy

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The End
Flaky?

**Won't Take
Make-Up?**



The Truth About Soap Shampoos



Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE J. W. FITCH COMPANY Des Moines, Iowa • Toronto, Can.

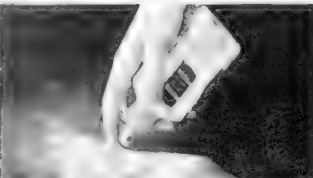


Chapped
Skin

WHISPERING HANDS South Coast, Calif. The
 1990-1991 season was a good one for the
 club. The weather was just what we needed
 to get the season off to a good start. The
 weather was just what we needed to get the
 season off to a good start.

FREE THE FIRST ONE PIECE
DISPENSEE

At last! The new perfect 1-piece lotion dispenser—free of the mess of a pump. No need to take apart the pump to clean it. No need to use a brush to clean the pump. No need to use a brush to clean the pump. No need to use a brush to clean the pump.



HINDS

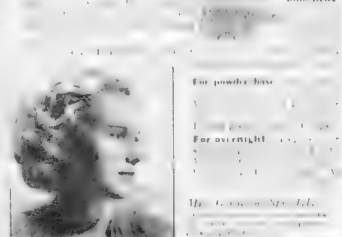
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

IS QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!



Melt it Smooth—
Instantly/...

In the past few years, the U.S. has seen a dramatic increase in the number of people who have been diagnosed with AIDS. In 1981, only 26 people were reported to have the disease. By 1985, the number had risen to 1,000. In 1986, the number was 2,000. In 1987, it was 4,000. In 1988, it was 8,000. In 1989, it was 12,000. In 1990, it was 16,000. In 1991, it was 20,000. In 1992, it was 24,000. In 1993, it was 28,000. In 1994, it was 32,000. In 1995, it was 36,000. In 1996, it was 40,000. In 1997, it was 44,000. In 1998, it was 48,000. In 1999, it was 52,000. In 2000, it was 56,000. In 2001, it was 60,000. In 2002, it was 64,000. In 2003, it was 68,000. In 2004, it was 72,000. In 2005, it was 76,000. In 2006, it was 80,000. In 2007, it was 84,000. In 2008, it was 88,000. In 2009, it was 92,000. In 2010, it was 96,000. In 2011, it was 100,000. In 2012, it was 104,000. In 2013, it was 108,000. In 2014, it was 112,000. In 2015, it was 116,000. In 2016, it was 120,000. In 2017, it was 124,000. 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TUNE IN to "Husbands and Wives" the P and G program for always 11:30 a.m. & 5 p.m.

UG-H-H!
THAT SHARP
PAIN AGAIN.

FATHY AGAHI

**SIMPLE TREATMENT QUICKLY RELIEVES
STABBING ACID AND PAIN**

• *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 284: 1039-1044

THE PAINE

AWAY WITH DAUME

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**NO PAIN
AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"**

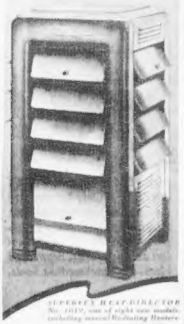


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No. 1415, one of eight new models
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Look for the name "SUPERFLEX" for only oil burning space heaters bearing this name are genuine Superflex Heaters, made by Perfect Stove Company. No others offer so many modern advantages including circulating, reducing and DIRECTED HEAT. The Superflex Heater Director stove has patented shutters which may be opened at any desired angle to deflect heat rays outward and downward to warm the floor.

You will like Superflex dual control for any heat you want. The removable fuel reservoir holds five gallons, a supply for as many as 42 hours.

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For a new room ability apply anywhere in the house, get a portable PERFECT HEATER in beautiful modern design. For detailed heat with all modern features, make a SUPERFLEX Oil Burning Heater.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
is the mightiest of magazines

Watch Your Walls

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WALLS are the home. Remove or take away the walls of your home of apartment and where in your home? Sitting at the dining table, looking up from reading the daily paper, or resting in bed, your eyes take in the walls and their color, their background, indeed, walls may well be called the "background" of the home stage, and more than furniture or pictures they make or mar the whole effect of the room.

But this quality of being a decorative background for home furnishings is not the only or the fundamental quality of walls. They must also serve as insulation and heat-screens, and be so constructed that they do not absorb heat, radiate, etc. In short, the wall in first a construction, and second, a decorative surface.

At the beginning of a big cold winter season this first essential of insulation is almost constant. How warm are your walls? "Insulation" of a big cold winter season this first essential of insulation is almost constant. How warm are your walls? "Insulation" of a big cold winter season this first essential of insulation is almost constant.

Modern science is constantly bringing to the home new type of wall insulation. Most of these are in the form of wall-paper, or more exactly, a convenient handling size and now in putting up even by the amateur carpenter.

If such board is made of wood fibers, it retains the inherent insulating quality of that wood. Or if it is made of pressed vegetable fibers, it will offer guaranteed insulation against noise, cold and heat.

Another type of wallboard material has a silver reflective surface which is claimed to radiate heat back again, on the principle of the insulated bottles. These specially-surfaced boards are particularly effective against insects.

Painting is still another wall treatment of both a structural and decorative nature. In days of old when all such wall surfaces were made by hand only, there were two main types of

such wall covering: one style in which the wood panels were laid out in a vertical series from floor to ceiling; and the other and more formal type where the building owner enclosed his small squares of wood in still smaller frames or moldings.

The first type of vertical wall of paneling is familiar in the Colonial house, and on the walls of the French provincial room, in both cases giving a close, intimate, and cozy appearance to the walls.

In the second more formal type of application we have the beautiful Old English and Jacobean rooms, where the square paneling gives distinction because of its fine lines and proportions.

A dignified room well suited to heavy richly-carved furniture. Today's housemaster may avail himself of copies of both types of paneling, made not only of wood, but of composition and plywood wall materials. These new materials will not warp, and allow a much larger surface of the wall to be economically covered than was possible with the old wood panels.

These new panels imitate various woods: maple, oak, zebra wood, hickory, etc., and the light high "blonde" maples, and thus produce a rich and beautiful effect with little effort or cost.

Paneling, however, may be an applied facade or wall or oak veneering, and such walls have a rich, colorful effect in the living-room, library or dining-room.

In lighter tones, such plasterboard with a plank patterned treatment may be used in the bedrooms, especially of Colonial style. The planks may be arranged vertically, with narrow white moldings laid at the joints.

The simple but charming room so treated was seen recently by one of us. On the first floor of an old house was a small (and badly cut-up) room, having, however, a cheerful little brick fireplace. Originally the walls were covered with a poor and light-toned paper. The new owner, however, switched her wall.

also done over the windows to form a complete window "valance" over the top of the window. Above the mantel was hung a large oil painting of flowers. All the window trim and that of the doors was painted a high bright green. The effect was stunning.

There is also another type of decorative insulating board. It comes as a beveled plank which may be set horizontally against the wall. This makes the room spacious in appearance, and gives it a musical effect very suitable to a music room, playroom, or boy's cabin bunkhouse.

Other wall surface materials are molded to simulate the grooved and beveled effects popular before the Civil War, and now, with time's merry-go-round, once again just as popular. These effects, painted a high-gloss white, may be used as full paneling on the walls in combination with bright flower papers, or set in panels trimmed by narrow moldings. An old-time kitchen built in molded white wallboard is a modern copy, but with all today's convenience.

It may be remarked that some of these wall materials are brought out in strong high, new modern colors, such as eggplant, orchid, midnight blue, etc. Many of the newest bedroom groups featured in smart furnishings shops show dark walls with light painted woodwork and "blends" or painted furniture.

One such blend shown at a recent exhibit was fitted with a wall of a deep dark blue, but light blonde maple furniture, and the combination was effective.

Another room was decorated in walls of a deep mahogany red or wine, but white woodwork and all the cushions, etc., were of a warm canary fabric. There is something very distinctive in dark walls, with lighter woodwork—and it certainly lifts years off a dingy room, especially a faded bedroom.

Now, coming to paper, which always was, and still is, "tops" in wall finishing, the important news is that wall-paper papers are now of the most delightful patterns. It used to be that a "washable" was printed only in a monotone, or in some dark "useful" shade such as gray-brown, or simple single and unimposing design.

But not now! The new "washable" comes as bright, as charming, gay and dignified as any other pattern in paper. Many of them, also, are copies of the chintz or tope figure papers, always cheerful in the bedroom.

hall or downstairs sitting room. Others are printed with a rich silvery sheen, previously possible only in regular paper stock. One design seen recently was suitable for Directors' rooms and had a repeat pattern of sheaves of wheat with yellow tines, all set on a silver background.

The most important designers are giving their best talents to improve the patterns of American wallpapers. Novel and amusing cartoon papers are to be had in great variety, and they are suitable for the game-room, the sun-room, and the den or study. The penguin, the seagull, the children's animal, all are made immortal on the walls of our modern rooms.

In paints, also, great strides have been made, not only with colors, but with gloss, and in these qualities which make for quick drying. Several manufacturers produce wall paints which may be applied in the morning, and yet be dry at night, so that you can use the room the same day it is painted.

Some paints feature a high gloss which cannot be affected by fingerprints and stains, while others increase the sunlight or light rays reflected from the walls.

When you refurbish your home, start with the walls. Be sure that the material of which they are made is structurally safe, fireproof, and insect-free. Then, see how much wall-papering your walls will give you.

Last, after selecting walls on the practical basis of security, choose colors and patterns which will bring new life into the room. At least five months of cold weather and sunlight are ahead. Bring sunlight and cheer and gaiety into the home through charmingly chosen walls.



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Enjoy Beeman's Gum
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I HATE GOING OUT FOR GRIN LOOKS UNWELL.

YOU'RE DANCING EVERY DANCE.

YES, JANE, THANKS TO CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT.

TRY CUTICURA IT'S THE CURE FOR ALL IRRITATIONS OF EXTERNAL SOURCE

15¢-Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal Eggs Butter Toast	Breakfast Eggs Butter Toast	Breakfast Eggs Butter Toast	Breakfast Eggs Butter Toast	Breakfast Eggs Butter Toast	Breakfast Eggs Butter Toast	Breakfast Eggs Butter Toast
Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Lunch Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert
Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert	Dinner Soup Meat Vegetables Dessert

Recipes Readers Request

Baked Tomatoes and Olives.
Six round ripe tomatoes, 1 cup stuffed pimiento olives, salt, 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, pepper salt, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter. Cook in olive crumbs, melted butter, salt, pepper and onion juice. Bake in tomatoes which have been scooped out and filled. Arrange in baking pan, dot with butter and pour in 1/2 cup hot water. Bake moderate oven, or about 325 deg., baking frequently. Bitters of bacon on top of each tomato add to the sauce. Serves 6.

Full-Fruit Sauce.
Put a pint of extra good fruit into a stone jar. Add apples as they are in season. Allow a pound of sugar to each pint of fruit. Stir daily until all the fruit has been added. Peaches, cherries, raspberries, strawberries, apricots, pineapples, etc., are all delicious in the sauce. Serve with vanilla ice cream or any desired pudding.

Orange Cake Filling.
Mix and sift 2 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 cup sugar and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add 4 well-beaten egg yolks, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/2 cup orange juice and 1/2 cup water. Cook until mixture reaches boiling point, stirring constantly. Place in hot water, add 2 tablespoons butter and the grated rind of 1 orange, and continue cooking 15 or 20 minutes, stirring until quite thick. Cool and spread.

Beef Hash.
Put 1/2 pound of beef or beef drippings in frying pan or saucepan. Add 2 cups diced, cold leftover beef, 3 cups minced, cold boiled potatoes, 1 cup gravy, stock or hot water and salt and pepper to taste. Season with onion juice and onion salt. Stirred, cover closely and steam or bake gently until mixture is just firm enough to stand well when turned from pan. Excellent for cool days.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin the Thing To Take for Fast Relief

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way—BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today—yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full doses for a quarter.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS

Amazing new Root and All Method relieves pain—Removes Entire Corn

Don't risk old-fashioned home-removing methods that only trim the surface of a corn. The new, scientific, Blue-Jay relieves pain instantly. Corn lifts out Root and All in three short days. Scientifically-shedders, ease may require second application. Blue-Jay is easy to use. Hold snugly in place with Wet-Fruit Adhesive. It can't peel or crack. Get Blue-Jay, the best corn cure.

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15¢ FOR A DOZEN—2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢
Virtually 1¢ a Tablet

All Dressed up and EVERY place to go!

1937 Models
ON DISPLAY
at all Buick Showrooms

There's steel under the velvet in this car—rugged, everlasting durability under the thrill—put there by General Motors science and Buick workmanship

MORE POWER, MORE BEAUTY, MORE ROOM, MORE VALUE: THESE
INSURE EVEN MORE SUCCESS IN 1937 FOR THIS GREAT CAR

WHAT you are looking at here is a fast camera's attempt to transfer to paper the likeness of a different kind of 1937 automobile.

The subject is the new Buick CENTURY—and you can safely bet your easy payments that it's 100% any way you care to figure it.

It comes to you bright and shining in the most becoming millinery that ever drew a gasp of admiration from the style experts or the sidewalk parade.

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JUMBO LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT, with more room for travel "gear" than motorists have ever had before.

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